

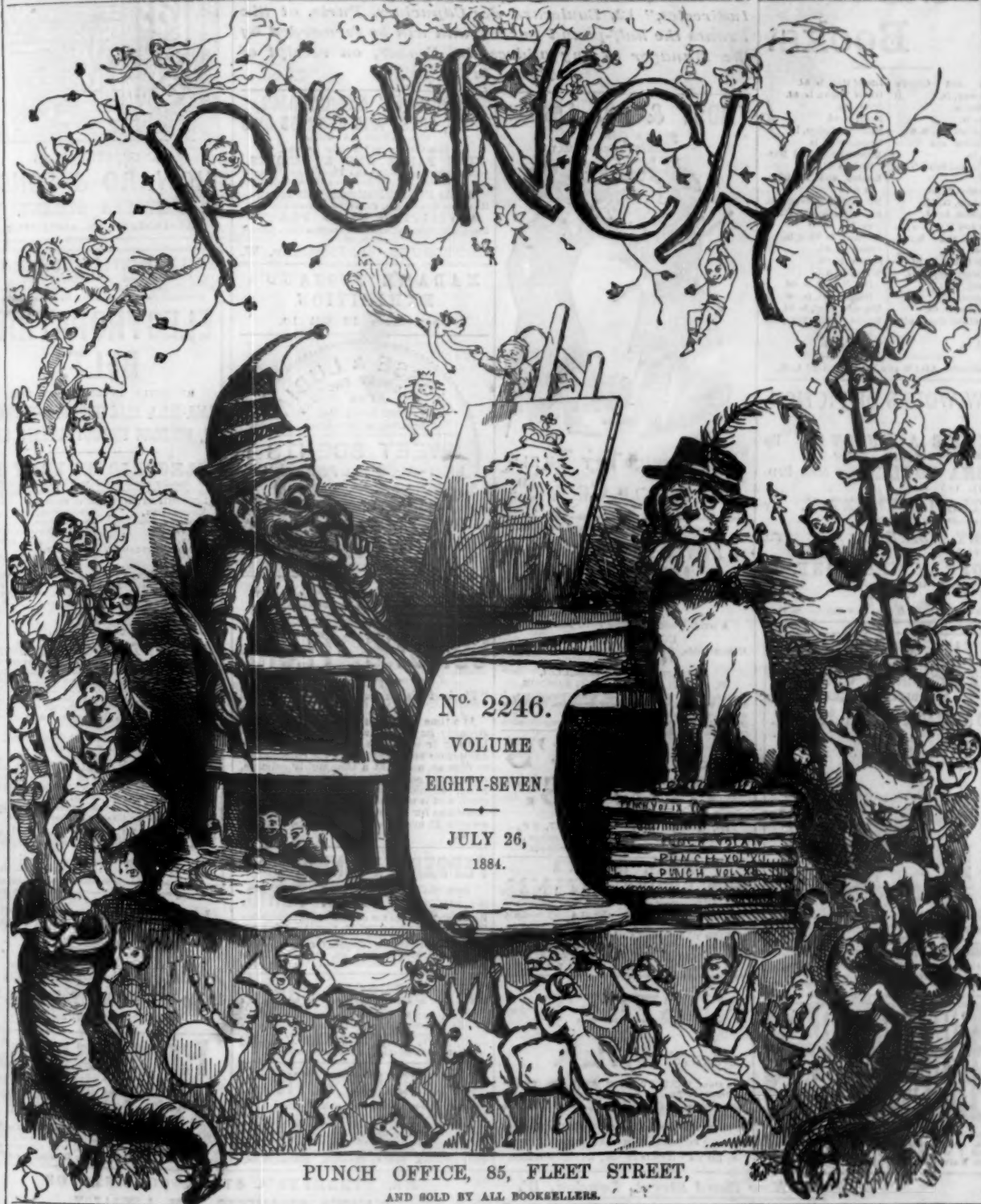
Books for
Holiday
Reading.

THE NAGGLETONS. By SHIRLEY BROOKS. Price 3s. 6d.
HAPPY THOUGHT HALL. By F. C. BURNAND. Price 3s. 6d.
ABOUT BUYING A HORSE. By F. C. BURNAND. Price 2s. 6d.
BURLESQUE NOVELS:—CHICKIN HAZARD—GONE WRONG—ONE-AND-THREE—
 WHAT'S THE ODDS?—STRAPMORE. Price 1s. each.

BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., 4, & 6, DOVER STREET, E.C.

PRICE THREE PENCE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.



PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

Books for
Holiday
Reading.

ROUND ABOUT MY GARDEN. By F. C. BURNAND. Price 2s. 6d.
WIT AND HUMOUR. By SHIRLEY BROOKS. Price 3s. 6d.
HAPPY THOUGHTS. By F. C. BURNAND. Price 2s. 6d.
MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS. By F. C. BURNAND. Price 2s. 6d.

BLACK'S Guide Books.

Belmont and Glend's
Canterbury, 1s.
Brighton, 1s.
Buxton, 1s.
Channel Islands, 2s. 6d.
Chertsey and Epsom,
1s.
Cornwall and Bally Isles,
2s. 6d.
Derbyshire, 2s. 6d.
Devonshire, 2s. 6d.
Dorsetshire, 1s. 6d.
Dublin and Wicklow, 1s.
England and Wales,
10s. 6d.
English Lakes, 2s. 6d.
Gloucestershire, 2s. 6d.
Guernsey, 1s.
Hampshire, 1s.
Hampshire, 2s. 6d.
Hereford and Monmouth,
2s. 6d.
Ireland, 2s. 6d.

Ile of Man, 2s. 6d.
Isle of Wight, 1s. 6d.
Jersey, 1s.
Kent, 2s. 6d.
Killarney Lakes, 1s.
Leamington, 1s.
Leicestershire and Rut-
land, 2s. 6d.
London and Environs,
2s. 6d.
Nottinghamshire, 2s. 6d.
Northampton and Whit-
by, 1s.
Scotland, 2s. 6d. & 1s.
Surrey, 2s. 6d.
Sussex, 2s. 6d.
Wales, 2s. 6d. & 1s.
Do. (North), 2s. 6d.
Do. (South), 2s. 6d.
Warwickshire, 2s. 6d.
Where Shall We Go?
2s. 6d.
Yorkshire, 2s.

Edinburgh: ADAM and CHARLES BLACK.

NEW WORKS OF FICTION.

EYRE'S ACQUITTAL. By
Helen Mathers. 1s 3 vols., cr. 8vo.
BERNA BOYLE. By Mrs. RID-
DELL. 1s 3 vols.
LITTLE LADY LINTON. By
Mr. HARRIS. 1s 3 vols.
POINT BLANK. By Miss SNEYD.
1s 3 vols.
GODFREY HELSTONE. By
Miss CRAIG. 1s 3 vols., cr. 8vo.

RICHARD BENTLEY & SON, New Burlington St.

**THE STANDARD
LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.**
ESTABLISHED 1825.
Life Assurance at Home & Abroad.



EDINBURGH, 9 George St. (Head Office).
LONDON, 89 King William Street, E.C.
3 Pall Mall East, S.W.
DUBLIN, 66 Upper Sackville Street.
BRANCH OFFICES AND AGENCIES IN INDIA
AND THE COLONIES.

**C. BRANDAUER & CO'S
CIRCULAR
POINTED PENS**

Write so smoothly as a lead pencil, and neither
scratch nor spurt, the points being rounded by a new
process. Assorted Sample Box, 6d. of any Stationer,
or send 7 stamps to the Works, BRANDAUER &
London Warehouse, 24, King Edward Street, E.C.

"Wills's Best Birdseye"

(by the courtesy of the French Government) is now sold
at the Bureau of the "Administration des Contributions
Indirectes," 12, Boulevard des Capucines, Paris, at Six
Francs the half-pound packet, and will be forwarded by
the Manager to any address in France, on receipt of
Postal Order.

TADDY & CO., LONDON.



"YOU SHOULD TRY THEIR
MYRTLE GROVE"

UNIVERSALLY PRESCRIBED BY THE FACULTY.

TAMAR INDIAN GRILLON.

A laxative and refreshing Fruit Laxative for
CONSTIPATION,
Hemorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Loss of Appetite,
Cerebral Congestion.
Prepared by E. GRILLON,
60, QUEEN STREET, CITY, LONDON.
Tamar, unlike pills and the usual purgatives, is
agreeable to take, and never produces irritation,
nor interferes with business or pleasure. Sold by all
Chemists and Druggists. 2s. 6d. a box, stamp included.

CHUBB'S LOCKS.

PRICE LIST SENT FREE.
136, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.,
68, St. James's Street, Pall Mall, London;
Manchester, Liverpool, & Birmingham.

HEAL & SON'S NEW SPRING MATTRESS.

(As Exhibited at the Health Exhibition.)
Warranted good and serviceable at a very moderate
price.
2 ft. 2 in.; 2 ft. 6 in.; 2 ft. 8 in.; 4 ft.; 4 ft. 6 in.; 4 ft. 8 in.; 4 ft. 10 in.; 5 ft.; 5 ft. 6 in.; 5 ft. 8 in.; 5 ft. 10 in.; 6 ft.; 6 ft. 6 in.; 6 ft. 8 in.; 6 ft. 10 in.; 7 ft.; 7 ft. 6 in.; 7 ft. 8 in.; 7 ft. 10 in.; 8 ft.; 8 ft. 6 in.; 8 ft. 8 in.; 8 ft. 10 in.; 9 ft.; 9 ft. 6 in.; 9 ft. 8 in.; 9 ft. 10 in.; 10 ft.; 10 ft. 6 in.; 10 ft. 8 in.; 10 ft. 10 in.; 11 ft.; 11 ft. 6 in.; 11 ft. 8 in.; 11 ft. 10 in.; 12 ft.; 12 ft. 6 in.; 12 ft. 8 in.; 12 ft. 10 in.; 13 ft.; 13 ft. 6 in.; 13 ft. 8 in.; 13 ft. 10 in.; 14 ft.; 14 ft. 6 in.; 14 ft. 8 in.; 14 ft. 10 in.; 15 ft.; 15 ft. 6 in.; 15 ft. 8 in.; 15 ft. 10 in.; 16 ft.; 16 ft. 6 in.; 16 ft. 8 in.; 16 ft. 10 in.; 17 ft.; 17 ft. 6 in.; 17 ft. 8 in.; 17 ft. 10 in.; 18 ft.; 18 ft. 6 in.; 18 ft. 8 in.; 18 ft. 10 in.; 19 ft.; 19 ft. 6 in.; 19 ft. 8 in.; 19 ft. 10 in.; 20 ft.; 20 ft. 6 in.; 20 ft. 8 in.; 20 ft. 10 in.; 21 ft.; 21 ft. 6 in.; 21 ft. 8 in.; 21 ft. 10 in.; 22 ft.; 22 ft. 6 in.; 22 ft. 8 in.; 22 ft. 10 in.; 23 ft.; 23 ft. 6 in.; 23 ft. 8 in.; 23 ft. 10 in.; 24 ft.; 24 ft. 6 in.; 24 ft. 8 in.; 24 ft. 10 in.; 25 ft.; 25 ft. 6 in.; 25 ft. 8 in.; 25 ft. 10 in.; 26 ft.; 26 ft. 6 in.; 26 ft. 8 in.; 26 ft. 10 in.; 27 ft.; 27 ft. 6 in.; 27 ft. 8 in.; 27 ft. 10 in.; 28 ft.; 28 ft. 6 in.; 28 ft. 8 in.; 28 ft. 10 in.; 29 ft.; 29 ft. 6 in.; 29 ft. 8 in.; 29 ft. 10 in.; 30 ft.; 30 ft. 6 in.; 30 ft. 8 in.; 30 ft. 10 in.; 31 ft.; 31 ft. 6 in.; 31 ft. 8 in.; 31 ft. 10 in.; 32 ft.; 32 ft. 6 in.; 32 ft. 8 in.; 32 ft. 10 in.; 33 ft.; 33 ft. 6 in.; 33 ft. 8 in.; 33 ft. 10 in.; 34 ft.; 34 ft. 6 in.; 34 ft. 8 in.; 34 ft. 10 in.; 35 ft.; 35 ft. 6 in.; 35 ft. 8 in.; 35 ft. 10 in.; 36 ft.; 36 ft. 6 in.; 36 ft. 8 in.; 36 ft. 10 in.; 37 ft.; 37 ft. 6 in.; 37 ft. 8 in.; 37 ft. 10 in.; 38 ft.; 38 ft. 6 in.; 38 ft. 8 in.; 38 ft. 10 in.; 39 ft.; 39 ft. 6 in.; 39 ft. 8 in.; 39 ft. 10 in.; 40 ft.; 40 ft. 6 in.; 40 ft. 8 in.; 40 ft. 10 in.; 41 ft.; 41 ft. 6 in.; 41 ft. 8 in.; 41 ft. 10 in.; 42 ft.; 42 ft. 6 in.; 42 ft. 8 in.; 42 ft. 10 in.; 43 ft.; 43 ft. 6 in.; 43 ft. 8 in.; 43 ft. 10 in.; 44 ft.; 44 ft. 6 in.; 44 ft. 8 in.; 44 ft. 10 in.; 45 ft.; 45 ft. 6 in.; 45 ft. 8 in.; 45 ft. 10 in.; 46 ft.; 46 ft. 6 in.; 46 ft. 8 in.; 46 ft. 10 in.; 47 ft.; 47 ft. 6 in.; 47 ft. 8 in.; 47 ft. 10 in.; 48 ft.; 48 ft. 6 in.; 48 ft. 8 in.; 48 ft. 10 in.; 49 ft.; 49 ft. 6 in.; 49 ft. 8 in.; 49 ft. 10 in.; 50 ft.; 50 ft. 6 in.; 50 ft. 8 in.; 50 ft. 10 in.; 51 ft.; 51 ft. 6 in.; 51 ft. 8 in.; 51 ft. 10 in.; 52 ft.; 52 ft. 6 in.; 52 ft. 8 in.; 52 ft. 10 in.; 53 ft.; 53 ft. 6 in.; 53 ft. 8 in.; 53 ft. 10 in.; 54 ft.; 54 ft. 6 in.; 54 ft. 8 in.; 54 ft. 10 in.; 55 ft.; 55 ft. 6 in.; 55 ft. 8 in.; 55 ft. 10 in.; 56 ft.; 56 ft. 6 in.; 56 ft. 8 in.; 56 ft. 10 in.; 57 ft.; 57 ft. 6 in.; 57 ft. 8 in.; 57 ft. 10 in.; 58 ft.; 58 ft. 6 in.; 58 ft. 8 in.; 58 ft. 10 in.; 59 ft.; 59 ft. 6 in.; 59 ft. 8 in.; 59 ft. 10 in.; 60 ft.; 60 ft. 6 in.; 60 ft. 8 in.; 60 ft. 10 in.; 61 ft.; 61 ft. 6 in.; 61 ft. 8 in.; 61 ft. 10 in.; 62 ft.; 62 ft. 6 in.; 62 ft. 8 in.; 62 ft. 10 in.; 63 ft.; 63 ft. 6 in.; 63 ft. 8 in.; 63 ft. 10 in.; 64 ft.; 64 ft. 6 in.; 64 ft. 8 in.; 64 ft. 10 in.; 65 ft.; 65 ft. 6 in.; 65 ft. 8 in.; 65 ft. 10 in.; 66 ft.; 66 ft. 6 in.; 66 ft. 8 in.; 66 ft. 10 in.; 67 ft.; 67 ft. 6 in.; 67 ft. 8 in.; 67 ft. 10 in.; 68 ft.; 68 ft. 6 in.; 68 ft. 8 in.; 68 ft. 10 in.; 69 ft.; 69 ft. 6 in.; 69 ft. 8 in.; 69 ft. 10 in.; 70 ft.; 70 ft. 6 in.; 70 ft. 8 in.; 70 ft. 10 in.; 71 ft.; 71 ft. 6 in.; 71 ft. 8 in.; 71 ft. 10 in.; 72 ft.; 72 ft. 6 in.; 72 ft. 8 in.; 72 ft. 10 in.; 73 ft.; 73 ft. 6 in.; 73 ft. 8 in.; 73 ft. 10 in.; 74 ft.; 74 ft. 6 in.; 74 ft. 8 in.; 74 ft. 10 in.; 75 ft.; 75 ft. 6 in.; 75 ft. 8 in.; 75 ft. 10 in.; 76 ft.; 76 ft. 6 in.; 76 ft. 8 in.; 76 ft. 10 in.; 77 ft.; 77 ft. 6 in.; 77 ft. 8 in.; 77 ft. 10 in.; 78 ft.; 78 ft. 6 in.; 78 ft. 8 in.; 78 ft. 10 in.; 79 ft.; 79 ft. 6 in.; 79 ft. 8 in.; 79 ft. 10 in.; 80 ft.; 80 ft. 6 in.; 80 ft. 8 in.; 80 ft. 10 in.; 81 ft.; 81 ft. 6 in.; 81 ft. 8 in.; 81 ft. 10 in.; 82 ft.; 82 ft. 6 in.; 82 ft. 8 in.; 82 ft. 10 in.; 83 ft.; 83 ft. 6 in.; 83 ft. 8 in.; 83 ft. 10 in.; 84 ft.; 84 ft. 6 in.; 84 ft. 8 in.; 84 ft. 10 in.; 85 ft.; 85 ft. 6 in.; 85 ft. 8 in.; 85 ft. 10 in.; 86 ft.; 86 ft. 6 in.; 86 ft. 8 in.; 86 ft. 10 in.; 87 ft.; 87 ft. 6 in.; 87 ft. 8 in.; 87 ft. 10 in.; 88 ft.; 88 ft. 6 in.; 88 ft. 8 in.; 88 ft. 10 in.; 89 ft.; 89 ft. 6 in.; 89 ft. 8 in.; 89 ft. 10 in.; 90 ft.; 90 ft. 6 in.; 90 ft. 8 in.; 90 ft. 10 in.; 91 ft.; 91 ft. 6 in.; 91 ft. 8 in.; 91 ft. 10 in.; 92 ft.; 92 ft. 6 in.; 92 ft. 8 in.; 92 ft. 10 in.; 93 ft.; 93 ft. 6 in.; 93 ft. 8 in.; 93 ft. 10 in.; 94 ft.; 94 ft. 6 in.; 94 ft. 8 in.; 94 ft. 10 in.; 95 ft.; 95 ft. 6 in.; 95 ft. 8 in.; 95 ft. 10 in.; 96 ft.; 96 ft. 6 in.; 96 ft. 8 in.; 96 ft. 10 in.; 97 ft.; 97 ft. 6 in.; 97 ft. 8 in.; 97 ft. 10 in.; 98 ft.; 98 ft. 6 in.; 98 ft. 8 in.; 98 ft. 10 in.; 99 ft.; 99 ft. 6 in.; 99 ft. 8 in.; 99 ft. 10 in.; 100 ft.; 100 ft. 6 in.; 100 ft. 8 in.; 100 ft. 10 in.

NESTLE'S FOR INFANTS' MILK FOOD.

THE ONLY PERFECT
SUBSTITUTE FOR
MOTHER'S MILK.
Recommended by the highest Medical Authorities.
Prepared at Vevey, Switzerland.
SOLD BY CHEMISTS, &c., EVERYWHERE.

18, New Bond Street, London, W.

After 38 years' successful trading as a Jeweller, I
have decided to retire from business. In furtherance of
this intention, the whole of my Stock is now on Sale at a
very great reduction. I ask the favour of a visit.

EDWIN W. STREETER.

RODRIGUES' MONOGRAMS, ARMS, CREST AND ADDRESS DIES

ENGRAVED AS GEMS;
from Original and Artistic Designs.
NOTE PAPEE AND ENVELOPES.
Stamped in Color Relief and Illuminated by hand
in Gold, Silver, Bronze, and Colors.
All the New and Fashionable Note Papers.
HERALDIC ENGRAVING, PAINTING, & ILLUMINATING.
A VISITING CARD PLATE.
Magnificently Engraved, and 100 Superfine Cards printed
for 1s. 6d.
RODRIGUES, 42, Piccadilly, W.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.

Open from 10 till 10.



THE SMALL-POX EPIDEMIC.

CONDY'S FLUID.

"The best Disinfectant known to Science."
The Times.

At a time like the present it cannot be too
strongly impressed upon households that
bad air from drains, sinks, &c., is most
dangerous and predisposes the constitution
to disease, and that a thoroughly reliable,
cheap, and agreeable disinfectant—Condy's
Fluid—should be in regular use. It has no
smell and is not poisonous. A pamphlet of
directions for preventing infection is given
away with every bottle of genuine Condy's
Fluid.

PEPPER'S QUININE AND IRON TONIC.

FOR GAINING
STRENGTH,
Rouses and develops the nervous energies, enriches
the blood, promotes appetite, dispels languor and
depression, fortifies the digestive organs. Is a
remedy for anæmia, indigestion, fever, chest affec-
tions, and wasting diseases, &c. Bottles, 2s. 6d. each.
Sold by Chemists. Insist on having Pepper's Tonic.

SKIN DISEASES CURED.

SULPHOLINE LOTION removes eruptions,
pimples, redness, blotches, scurf, in a few days. Is
highly successful in eczema, psoriasis, prurigo,
tetter, &c. It totally destroys many deep-seated
incurable skin affections. Sold everywhere.

SULPHOLINE LOTION.

An external means of curing skin diseases. There
is scarcely any eruption that will yield to SULPHO-
LINE and commence to fade away. The effect is
astounding. It destroys the animalcules which
cause these unsightly affections, and ensures a
smooth, clear, healthy skin. Absolutely fragrant,
quite harmless. Sold by Chemists. Bottles, 2s. 6d.

MR. STREETER'S STOCK CONSISTS OF
DIAMOND ORNAMENTS, GEM JEWELLERY,
18-CARAT GOLD WORK, ENGLISH KEYLESS LEVER WATCHES,
RARE JAPANESE ART WORK, &c.

Gemsmen and Collectors are invited to inspect Mr. STREETER'S COLLECTION of PRECIOUS
STONES and GEMS (Rough and Cut), which will also be included in the Sale.

PARQUET FLOORS



MANUFACTURED BY
HOWARD & SONS,
26, BERNERS STREET, W.
ILLUSTRATIONS ON APPLICATION.

HEALTH & INTEGRAL STRENGTH IMPARTED, AND IMPAIRED VITALITY RESTORED by the use of mild continuous Galvanic currents, as given by means of the

ELECTROPATHIC BELT,

RECENTLY INVENTED BY THE
PALL-MALL ELECTRIC ASSOCIATION,
21, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

ELECTRIC ENERGY is
readily converted into VITAL ENERGY,
and the marvelous curative efficacy of the
ELECTROPATHIC BELT in cases of
RHEUMATISM, INDIGESTION,
SCURF, CONSTIPATION,
SCIATICA, FEMALE COMPLAINTS,
GOITRE, GENERAL AND LOCAL
KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, DEBILITY,
EPILEPSY, FUNCTIONAL DIARRHEA,
PARALYSIS, &c., &c.,
is now UNIVERSALLY ACKNOWLEDGED,
not only by the PROFESSION, but by the
PUBLIC at large, as witness the HOST of TESTI-
MONIALS, extracts from which are contained in
pamphlet, sent post free on application to the
PALL-MALL ELECTRIC ASSOCIATION, 21,
HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.

PATIENTS suffering from
any of the above ailments are invited to
call at 21, Holborn Viaduct, and gratuitously test
for themselves the various apparatus, and also
take the advice of the CONSULTING MEDICAL
ELECTRICIAN, who has had FOURTEEN
YEARS' EXPERIENCE in the use of curative
electricity and its special application to various
kinds of disease.
CONSULTATION AND ADVICE FREE DAILY,
FROM 10 A.M. TO 6 P.M.

ELECTROPATHIC BELT

Forwarded post free on receipt of P.O.D.
for 21s., payable to C. B. HARNESSE, 21, HOL-
BORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.
Send for Pamphlet, "ELECTROPATHY," or, Dr.
SCOTT'S GUIDE TO HEALTH." Post free from
Pall-Mall Electric Association,
21, Holborn Viaduct, London.

ABBOTSFORD GRATES.

MAPPIN & WEBB,
158 to 162, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.
"STOVE" CATALOGUES FREE.

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR

Cools and refreshes the Face during Hot Weather,
eradicates Sunburn, Tan, Freckles, Stings of Insects
&c., and produces a beautiful and delicate com-
plexion. Ask any Chemist for Rowland's Kalydor.



AN IMPORTANT CONSIDERATION.

He. "ARE YOU—A—GOING TO LADY GULP'S DANCE?"

She. "I—A—DON'T KNOW YET! WHO ASKS HER MEN FOR HER?"

ROBERT AT A CABINET COUNCIL.

ONE of the most importantest Meetings of the Cabinet Ministers as was prapre ever held, was held last week, to consider the werry grave question as to how to anser the rite honerabel LORD MARE's horsepitable invitation to the Minesterial Bankwet. The primest of the Ministers was in the Cheer.



A Littery Person; or, The Bacon of the Future.

How I cum for to know what occurrd, is one of them sacred secrets as will go with me to my long rest. Suffice it to say as it cum to me from various sources, like the drains to the tarnished silver Tens, all on 'em adding sumwot to the hole wollume.

By sum egstornary suckumstance the Ministers didn't seem to carry out their usual cerremony on this most interesting ocahun, and no stone-mason's oath of secrecy wasn't administered as usual. So they most on 'em torked about it arterwards as if it was rayther a joke than a sollum discussion of posserbly wital importence to 'em all, and we Waiters ain't quite so def as some people seems to think.

The werry prime Minister of the lot said as he must say as he didn't feel at all sumferable at the prospek of setting nex to the man he had defide, and pinte the fingers of scorn at, in the Ouse of Commons, or of eating the soup of one whose Corporation he had sort to enlarge so unmutisfooly as to make it unwheeldy and uncomfutable for its Hed, or of drinking the wine of one who mite posserbly pore out the Torrens of his wrath in the Greek of Akillees! whoever he may have been, to the delite and estonishmen of Aldermen and Common Counselmen, as he had done last Lord Mare's Day.

Sir WILLIAM ARCOUNT was estonished to hear their mity chief, who could boldly face the noysiest and malignentest Oppersition of modum times, afraid of a meer LORD MARE! He oared nothink for a Mare who only rained over one square mile, or even for a hole Court of Aldermen, who he intended next year

to abolish as worn out emblems of the past. He shoold suttently accep the invitation, as it wood most likely be the last.

The PRIME MINISTER: Yes, as you did last year, and then send word in the morning, that urgent private affairs kept you from keeping your promises. (A laugh.)

LORD HEARTYTONGUE said he shoold suttently like to go. He had rayther a feeling for the old Corporation, and its old fashioned horspitable ways. They allus giv him an arty welcome, and sum werry nice dry Click Oh, to which he was partickler partial.

The LORD CHANCELLOR said as he allers accepted the LORD MARE's invitation, as a sollem protest against illegal codfishation or spoilation, weather of Corporations or of Gilda. ("Order!")

Sir CHARLES DILK said as he shoouldn't go, suttently not, or some aukward questions mite be asked him as he would rayther not anser, and he was afraid that neither him, nor his owdacious Chelsea colleg, was werry partickler poplar in the City just now, and it was a little too close to Clerkenwell to make it quite agreeable. (A laugh.)

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN said why shudent he go? Why not? He had allus told ARCOUNT as his heavy Bill for four millions, even if ever accepted, which was werry doubtful, would be sure to be dishonord when dew, and werry posserbly bring 'em all into his brand new Court of Bankruptcy, with a proberble dividend of about two shillings in the pound.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHECKER said as he was afraid as his little dodge of cutting about a shillings-worth of gold off ewery new harf sovereign, wasn't quite suffisiently understood in the City to insure him a warm resephun. He liked tittle, but was against goin this ear.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN said he thought the Chancellor would find the resephun quite warm enough. (A laugh.)

LORD GRANVILLE said he were all for goin, and should try to get the LORD MARE to inwite every Member of the Congress to his Bangkwet, and then get 'em all together afterwards in the LORD MARE's Sanktum Sanktorium and, under the giniall influence of his princely horsepialerty, settle the whole Egipshun question rite off the reel in about harf an hour. (Cheers.)

Mr. DODSON made a werry long speech, but, somehow or other, noboddy seems to have remembered a single word he said, so I am unabel to report it, but that's nothink new for him, poor fellah!

The PRIME MINISTER rose again and observed as there were more than three courses at a Bangkwet in the Man-shun Ouse,—or, as his old friend, Mr. Punch, had called it, "the Munching 'Ouse"—("Ear, ear!" and laughter)—and that, to begin with, was wot he coulident apruve of. Things in the Sitty being as they was now—(a laugh from the OME SEC)—he thort as they was all too old birds to be kort by the chaff of a FOWLER. ("Ear, ear!" from Sir CHARLES.) If the Franchise Bill had passed he would ave been all for jollitty and a winding up act of festivity prevus to his retirement—"No, no?"—yes, his retirement into privit life, where he could enjoy his 'oshum cum diggin a tatie,' or rayther fellin a tree in the forrist of Ardun. He begged to add that, to be konsistent, as he would not be kort by the chaff of the FOWLER, so he would not be taken by the bait of Grinnidge. There would be no Whitebait Dinner—

But at this pint I could kontrol my feelins no longer, and bustin into tears I fled from the room. What the risulk of this meetin is will be alreddy nown before these strikly privit an konsidenshul dittales appears from the pen of your own

ROBERT.

A STRANGE FANCY.

CAN nothing be done to stop the vagaries of people who worry us by Advertisements? Did you ever see anything like this, which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*?

MANAGEMENT of STEAMERS WANTED, by a Christian, who has had the management of same previously. Bank references given.—Address, &c.

Why did this Christian give up the management of these same steamers if he wants to manage them again immediately? We do not see the use of "bank references" unless the Christian has previously run his steamers on a bank, and then, of course, the reference would be extremely valuable. We wish these kind of people would not invade our newspapers with such puzzles during the hot weather.



CONFUSION.

Pater (fuming). "DON'T LOOK AT ME, SIR, WITH—AH—IN THAT TONE OF VOICE, SIR!"

Filius. "I NEVER UTTERED A——"

Pater (roaring). "THEN DON'T LET ME SEE—AH—ANOTHER SYLLABLE, SIR!"

Exeunt.

THE RULES OF HEALTH.

[A correspondent of the *St. James's Gazette* suggests that the way to guard against Cholera is to avoid worry and live as well as possible.]

LISTEN to each simple rule,
As to conduct and to diet;
You must keep serenely cool
Though the Cholera run riot.

Eat the best of all things good,
Ne'er a dish that very nice is
Hurts you, while it's understood
You avoid too many ices.

You may eat all sorts of fish,
Those who say you mayn't, talk gammon;
But a prudent man won't wish
Too much cucumber with salmon.

Flesh and fowl are yours to eat,
Every dish a toothsome comer;
But the chops of pork are meat
That you need not try in Summer.

Fruit is welcome, too, I trow,
When not over-ripe; at present,
Strawberries and cream you'll vow
Will be found extremely pleasant.

Drink the best of wine, and try
Port and claret, hock and sherry;
Champagne, when extremely dry,
Is exhilarating—very.

You may smoke, too, but take care
Your cigars are sweet as manna;
When disease is in the air,
Only use the pure Havannah.

Keep yourself from worries free;
If you've lawsuits, you must gain 'em;
Thus quite easily, you see,
You'll preserve the *corpus sanum*.

WONDERFUL CONVERSION.—A Tory said he never believed in a Devil till he saw a Liberal Demonstration.

LAST night of the Season at TOOLE'S Theatre,—"*Ultima Tooley*."

THE APOTHEOSIS OF MUD-SALAD MARKET.

"VERY DEAD LEAVES."

MUCH pondering on the question of Mud-Salad Market, we came upon the following passage from good ALBERT SMITH's quaint, old-world, and very Dickensian *Pottleton Legacy*. Loving above all things to be just, we revive it for the benefit of the Mudford Legacy:—

"They came to a great market, the appearance of which would have certainly silenced all those honest people, still existing, who think that country productions are easier to be obtained in the rural districts. It was yet winter, but delicate and choice exotics flourished in the windows, thousands of roots, bound in wet moss, and already bursting with the petals of the crocus, the anemone, the faint clematis, and the pale lily of the valley were heaped upon the stalls; and countless packets of all the seeds that were to spring into light and life in May, and add to the deeply-glowing glories of the summer flower-gardens, were sorted at such prices, that a penny would have produced a bower in July. The world had poured its vegetable-treasures into that teeming spot. Fiery oranges from Tangiers and Malta, bursting grapes from glowing Spain, smart cranberries from icy Russia, and solid cob-nuts from the thick country woods of England were there; Normandy, America, the two Indies, and the scented Arabia had all sent their produce, in gallant ships, across the world of leaping waters. The healing fruit that was brought in an instant on the enchanted carpet of the Arabian Nights was outdone. In a second, anyone who chose could command there every product of the earth, not only that administered to the exigency of disease, but embellished the table of luxury."

"Things," said we, on reading this beautiful passage, "is mixed, and times is changed. The passage through the Market, in real life, is by no means so beautiful as that one. It must have been written when wits were more romantic, and Dooks less dirty. But whatever changes may have happened in the Market since ALBERT SMITH's day, it still 'administers to disease' very faithfully indeed."

However, as every Dook should have his Doo, we set to, and we turned ALBERT's Myth into poetry, thusly:—

If you want a receipt for Mud-salad,
And the things to make it with,
Just tattle it down in a ballad
From the pages of ALBERT SMITH.

Don't think that the country cousins
Are anything but mistook,
Who think their wares by the dozens
Can't be had of a London Dook.

Only walk through his Grease's Market,
When Winter has stripped the trees,
And own, if you stroll in the Park, it
Has no Dooceal smells like these.

Choice exotics, by Jemony!
Wet moss, thousands of roots,
Clematis, crocus, anemone,
Lily, and likewise fruits—

Heaped on the stalls with packets
Countless of seeds in array,
Which will make the Peerage smack its
Lips in the month of May.

And the deeply glowing spices
Of that perfumed garden,—why
They are sorted at such prices
That a penny makes ten in July.

The world has poured its vegetable
Into that teeming spot,
With rich smellables and eatables,
For the upper-crumby lot.

Fine oranges (not from Prussia),
Bust grapes out of glowing Spain,
Smart cranberries iced from Russia,
And cob-nuts from Salisbury Plain—

Normandy, 'Merrica, Indies,
Arabia known by the smell,
All stock the shatto and windies
Of the noble Dooceal swell.

The ships that supply him are gallant,
The seas (that don't wash him) leap,
Oh, the Dook has a wonderful talent

For getting his cash "dirt cheap."

Says he, "Hang poor folks' diseases,
What's cholera-morbus or muck, Sir? I
Provide you with what you dama please

To embellish the bellish of luxury!"
Tol-de-rol!



HEALTHIERIES V. THE THEATERIES.

Chorus of Theatrical Managers. "WHAT'S HEALTHIERIES TO YOU IS DEATH TO US!"
 Miss South Kensington (to them). "SHUT UP!"

[And they do—most of 'em.]

LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

About Other People's Business. To the Joint Authors of "The Ar-Rivals" on the production of "Scalded Back" at the Novelty.

MY DEAR SIRS,

YOU wrote *The Ar-Rivals* intended to be a travesty on the now-collapsed Haymarket *Rivals*, and therefore will appreciate the



"Making up" for Kyrle Bellew.

TERRALL last Monday week, when he put up for sale fourteen of the "Yardley Stud."

I have been informed that you are out of town, either at one of Dr. BURNLEY YEO's Health Resorts—out with the Yeo-manny, or at one of Mr. BERNARD BECKER's *Holiday Huncles*,—beg his pardon, I should have said *Holiday Haunts*,—or, as a poetical and enthusiastic young friend of mine sings—

"Pretty girls from the Country are now up in dozens,
And with their bright presence e'en London enchants.
Who'll write us a book about 'Holiday Cousins,'
To pair off with BECKER's smart *Holiday (H)unts*?"

and so I write to tell you about *this* travesty.

MR. YARDLEY, celebrated as a cricketer and athlete, might have mottoed his first scene with the initial line of DICKENS's *Cricketer on the Hearth*—"Kettle began it," as the boiling kettle is an essential "property" (and what's the use of a title without the necessary property?), and though you might have something to say against it, yet I am sure that both you and I would be the last persons to throw

cold water on Mr. YARDLEY's *Scalded Back*. No doubt it will occur to you that he first thought of the title, and, it having struck him as a very good one, he worked the parody up to the title. Some of the lines even you two Gentlemen would, I am sure, admit are excellent, while a parody on "*For Ever and for Ever*," sung as a duet, with true burlesque earnestness by Miss LOTTIE VENNE and Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS, is one of the best things you've heard for a very long time. At least, so it struck me—specially the turn given to it in the last verse, when Mr. NICHOLLS wants to borrow Miss VENNE's umbrella, and tells her that when it is once in his hands she will have lost sight of it "for ever and for ever."

The original play is a difficult one to parody, because, firstly, it is but a poor dramatic story after all, and, secondly, except in the case of Mr. KYRLE BELLEW and Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, the Actors have no special mannerisms: and indeed, as to the peculiarities of the former, they arise from a probably unconscious imitation of Mr. IRVING's style,—for Mr. BELLEW was not "to the manner born,"—a fact, which, as you will be pleased to see, Mr. YARDLEY has carefully noted and turned to account. Mr. NICHOLLS, when his back is turned, is exactly KYRLE BELLEW. His make-up, from a full-face point of view might, however, have been improved.

MR. LAMBERT's imitation of Mr. BEERBOHM TREE's *Macari* is well-intentioned, but you, as parodists, will see at once that the real fun that could have been got out of this character has been entirely missed both by the skitter and the skit-actor. In fact, if Mr. YARDLEY hadn't been, apparently, so enamoured of his title,—and he

is not the first who has fallen in love with a title and sacrificed everything for it,—he would have been less hampered, and would have produced a still more telling travesty.



Mr. H. Nicholls singing; or, the Hullah-Bellew Method.

for Miss LOTTIE VENNE to represent Miss LINGARD, who really has no very marked mannerism,—nothing, that is, which the general public recognise,—yet Miss VENNE has contrived to hit off certain affectations in Miss LINGARD's style, and to reproduce them most delicately. To sustain such an imitation would have become monotonous, and so Miss VENNE, by her real intensity and earnestness of purpose, creates a part for herself. Had the travesty been confined to four characters, been limited to one scene, and played in forty minutes, it might have run "for ever and for ever," and even now you will agree with me that the Athletic Author is likely to have a very fair innings, even though all London goes for its outings.



Miss Lottie Venne brings out a "New Edition of Lingard," and brushes up her Memory.

I remain, Gentlemen, your friendly, but slight acquaintance,
NIBBS.

P.S.—"Slight" is the word in this weather. Collapsing wisely.

A STAGE FURTHER!

(From the Diary of an Open-Air Amateur.)

JUST home from the Committee. Rather a stormy meeting, there being so many conflicting propositions as to what we ought to put up this time. General consensus, however, that it should be something exceptionally "strong." HAMIGER of opinion that we could not give too *al fresco* a character to it. He is right. I suggested *The Tempest* at Margate. Pointed out, if weather were only bad enough, we could do the first scene splendidly on board the boat going down, and finish up the rest absolutely on "the Island" (Thanet). Explained, too, how we could hurry from place to place afterwards in a fly for change of scene, followed by the whole audience in local pleasure vans. But this somehow fell through. Lady G. was, as usual, for *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in Regent's Park, and WHEEKER, the professional, for *Hamlet*, on Denmark Hill, with, as he sensibly pointed out, "all the local colouring handy." But general apprehension of rheumatism stopped the former, and the latter, owing to CLAVE, who is a bit of a lawyer, and would have played the *First Gravedigger*, saying he was almost sure, "if they got meddling with any neighbouring cemetery at night, there would be disagreeables and he would, in fact, rather be out of it," came eventually to nothing. Finally we settled to do *Macbeth* near Dorking. Splendid idea! I am to Stage-manage, and play *Macduff*. Shall go down and look at the "country" to-morrow.

Hard three months' work, but I think we shall have it all right. Stiff Stage-management, though, to get everything ship-shape.

Witches to meet on Hog's Back. *Macbeth* and *Banquo* to dress at Guildford, and go over with one of the fourteen Prompters, the Bleeding Sergeant, and the Armed Head in a four-wheeler. *Lady Macbeth* and the Apparition Kings following in the Railway Omnibus. The rest, except *Duncan*, who brings his bicycle, will get along quietly by back-lanes on foot. Weather first-rate. Quite threatening. Hope it really means to thunder, for we have brought none down with us. All the same, if it does come on to pour, it will be a great nuisance, there being no sort of shelter within a mile; and, as I hear that the proprietor of the nearest Farm-house has shown himself "nasty" at rehearsals, something awkward may turn up. Still, I think it will be all right. Rather wish, though, I had chosen the Bleeding Sergeant instead of *Macduff*; so that if things don't go on all-fours quite so nicely as one expects, I could catch the 6'17, and get comfortably back to Charing Cross in time for dinner.

We have commenced. Also the rain. This has thinned the audience—still the effect is very fine. The Three Witches are on, and look quite as weird and terrible—as I thought they would—against the lurid sky. Owing to the vast area, literally the vault of wide heaven itself forming the auditorium, they are all provided with powerful speaking-trumpets. Also the Prompters concealed in the furze-bushes over the heath. We found this absolutely necessary at rehearsal, and it is really no drawback—on the contrary, in this drenching shower, it almost heightens the effect. I wish old SHAKESPEARE were only here to see this! Ha! that was a clap! And the rain! Why, it is coming down in pailfuls. Halloo!—there go the remains of the audience scampering down the hill for their lives. Why on earth didn't I bring my Ulster. Such stuff talking of the "Unities" in weather like this! I wonder what has become of *Macbeth* and *Banquo*? Ha! there's an umbrella! After it! Hi!—here!—you—hi! Halloo! Hi! you fools!—Bother them, I shall be drenched!

Luckily just come across the Call-Boy, up a tree eating unripe nuts. Sent him about his business. He says he can't find *Macbeth* anywhere. Has tried the railway bridge, tap-room of the "Pig and Skittles," and the chalk-pit, and has looked into both signal-boxes. No trace of him. Thinks he must be at the Railway Refreshment-room, "waiting till it's over." Very likely. Hurrah! Clearing a bit. And here come some of the audience. Drenched, too. Want their money back. Tell them "it's all right, if they'll only wait." Sulky.

All right at last! Yes, it is. I thought I knew him. It is *Macbeth* getting carefully over that garden-wall by the Farm out there. Just in time for his cue too. Capital! And there's *Duncan*, and the English Doctor, and actually a Witch or two! Oh, it's all right enough. Wave frantically to them. They see us. Point them out to audience. Wonder what the fun is. *Houp-là!* Off we all go!

Seems that the "nasty" Farmer set a ferocious bulldog on to *Duncan*, who was merely hiding in the hen-house till the shower was over, and not for a moment dreaming of touching the new-laid eggs,—and that *Macbeth* felt it was only due to the safety of the entire company to retaliate, by throwing the Witches' cauldron at him. He has, however, taken a bad shot.

Play getting on fairly now, but owing to *Lady Macbeth*, *Hecate*, the Gentlewoman, *Lady Macduff*, *Fleance*, and "The Apparition of an Armed Head," who is much alarmed, refusing to come off the top of a hayrick till a Policeman arrives from Dorking, we have had to cut it a little bit, and have got pretty well on to the "Witches Cavern" Scene. Our original idea, if we could have arranged it amicably with the proprietor of the Farm, was to have given this in the collar, with all the proper effects. The loss, however, of the cauldron itself, the change of *locale* also from the necessary gloom to the margin of a duck-pond, with the sun now pleasantly and brightly shining, to say nothing of the fact that we have just heard that the seven Apparition Kings, fancying the performance had been abandoned, have joined in a local Cricket Match, and are at the present moment fielding on the out side as "All Leatherhead" against a scratch Eleven,—have obliged us to scramble through the business in rather a perfunctory fashion. Still, there's my fight with *Macbeth* to come off, and if only *Banquo* will turn up in time, we can do a bit of the Banquet, and the whole thing won't come out so badly after all! Ha! What's this? It is,—a Policeman from Dorking. By Jove, though, he has got one of them in custody! Well! What next? Come now, if this isn't too bad! If he hasn't got *Banquo*!

It seems that *Banquo*, just for the mere fun of the thing, having a long wait, and not knowing he was being carefully followed and watched by a couple of farm-bailiffs, armed with pitch-forks, picked up a turnip by the road-side. In an instant he was pounced down upon, and it appears that the "nasty" Farmer, who refers to our

aristocratic and distinguished company as a set of "prowlin' workus mountebanks," is determined to prosecute. If it were not for the presence of the Policeman, certainly *Macbeth*, the Armed Head, the Third Witch, *Duncan* and I would give the fellow a good dip or two in his own duck-pond. However, the brute is obdurate, and we shall be, I suppose, obliged to come to a compromise. Have tried to explain to him the high aim we have in view in blending Nature with Art; but he only says if we don't sheer off at once he'll "pretty soon blend Nature and Art for us." Feel he is right. Pay him two guineas compensation, and determine to finish the Tragedy in the Second-class Waiting-room at the Railway Station.

The whole thing is over! Taking it all round, I think it has been fairly successful. *Macbeth's* celebrated line,

"Lay on, Macduff!"

And damned be him that first cries "Hold, enough!"

uttered with much force on the platform, but, unfortunately, before a Young Ladies' School returning from the Crystal Palace, will, I fancy, involve him in a summons for indecent brawling; but passing over this, and the fact that the Apparition Kings only made one run for Leatherhead between seven of them, the whole proceedings passed off satisfactorily enough. There are certainly difficulties in the way of putting up SHAKESPEARE on the "hill-side." However, we are not going to abandon the movement.

Our next venture will be an *al fresco*, though a Metropolitan one. WHEELER proposes trying *Timon of Athens* in Greek Street, Soho.

THE LADY AND THE PRIG.

A BALLAD OF THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

[The following curious story of a robbery on the Thames Embankment was told in a recent letter to the *Times*.]



A LADY walked by the muddy Thames,
All in the broad daylight,
When she was aware of a stranger there,
A well-dressed, affable wight.
He'd shiny boots and a waxed moustache,
Kid gloves and a coat of grey;
And a nice white hat—a token that
Of honesty, you would say.
But coolly then he noddled her watch,
With bold purloining smile,
And he up and off, this Shoreditch "toff,"
In a free and easy style.
And there was never a Policeman near,
To call to in her strait;
There never is, when a prig means "biz,"
All folks may calculate.

"Love Me, Love my Dog." But "Ho! for a cab!" the Lady cried,
And followed him without fuss,
With a keen outlook, till our friend he took
A passing omnibus.

Then he stepped out in a lordly way,
And strolled along at ease;
She too got down, and said, with a frown,
"My watch, Sir, if you please!"

He stormed and swore in an awful way,
But she fixed him with her eye,
And saw—how sweet—upon his beat
A Policeman stroll hard by.

The thief he glared, and then he said,
In melodrama's tone,
"I'll give up it, if you will not split."
She bowed—and gained her own.

But oh for the grip of the "Bobby's" hand
Upon his neck that day,
For she couldn't be harsh on the waxed moustache,
And gloves, and coat of grey.

But here's to a woman of skill and pluck;
And, when next he tries his rags,
May he meet his match, and the Policeman catch
This "Masher" among the prigs.

LAWN TENNIS CLASSICS.—*Cupid and Psyche, Venus and Adonis, Hero and Leander, Paris and Helen*,—"A Love Set."



"NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVES THE FAIR!"

Lady Circe (who is rather tired, and wants to sit down). "IF YOU ARE REALLY SO DEVOTED AS YOU SAY YOU ARE, SIR CHARLES, I'LL TELL YOU HOW YOU CAN SHOW YOUR DEVOTION."

Sir Charles (of the Grenadier Guards). "TELL ME! OH, TELL ME!"

Lady Circe. "WELL—YOU CAN TAKE THAT NICE OLD LADY DOWN TO SUPPER, YOU KNOW—AND THEN I CAN HAVE HER CHAIR!"

"FOLLOW MY LEADER!"

WHITHER, O rash Bell-wether, would you urge
Your sheepish flock, true *brebis de Panurge*?
Dingdong, the Rabelaisian mutton-monger,
Was not more struck with sorrowful surprise,
Than is JOHN BULL, the stout and soundly wise,
At your strange exhibition of death-hunger.

The fabled flock-leader of scanty wit
Who, to save life, would leap into a pit,
Had courage of your curious complexion.
You need not go so far as ARISTOTLE,
Nor to the Oracle of the Holy Bottle
To see the application or connection.

The flock you lead may comfortably still
Browse on the heights, if but wrong-headed will
Lead them into no new and needless peril;
But if you call attention to their *right*
To special pasture, some may deem it slight;
And possibly that thought may not prove sterile.

That other herd, which, fired most fiendishly,
Dashed down a steep place sheer into the sea
You surely will not take as an example;
For they were mad! A leader is but vanity
If there be serious doubts about his sanity:
Of yours this seems a questionable sample.

Follow my Leader is a pretty game,
But followers may boggle, all the same,
At desperate leaps if taken in the dark.
Some of your followers seem a trifle slack,
And just a little tempted to hold back,
A tendency which it were well to mark.

No CURTIUS-leap is this but mutton-madness
Which patriot sense must contemplate with sadness.
So fine a flock, so richly fleeced and plump!
Beware, Bell-wether! Friendly hints you're spurning,
For from that gulf profound there's no returning,
If once you make the rash and fatal jump.

BARLOWS ON BICYCLES.

THE following appears in the *Daily News*:—

HOLIDAY ENGAGEMENT WANTED. Would travel. No salary.—Cyclist, Rev. H.

Possibly Cycling Schoolmasters may be a modern version of the Peripatetic Philosophers, and we can readily imagine the Reverend Gentleman "would travel" as he happens to be a cyclist. How he could contrive to impart instruction to his pupil, unless seated by his side on a double tricycle, we are unable to understand. We are quite certain if our old friend *Barlow* went out on a bicycle with *Tommy* and *Harry* also on bicycles, his pupils would soon skim out of sight at the faintest sign of instruction.

A young Curate of Liberal tendencies had just overheard some of his high and dry ecclesiastical seniors discussing the *Use of Sarum*. The advanced young Cleric couldn't refrain from breaking in upon them with "The use of Sarum! None at all, that I can see"—when it was explained to him that they were not speaking of Lord SALISBURY.

SHE gave the ball one cut with her racket, and knocked his best Sunday Gossamer right off. "What a volley-tille young lady!" he exclaimed.



“FOLLOW MY LEADER!”



THE TOWN.

No. VII.—LORD'S.

SPORT! What commingling visions at the word
Crowd on the fancy! Nimrod, Mr. Briggs,

Chaldean, Cockney,
tragic, absurd,
Broad Tory No-
bles, proud patri-
cian Whigs,
The smug M.P.
chasing the small
brown bird,
The bronze-faced
Anglo - Indian
sticking pigs;
From tiger-hunt-
ing to the tennis-
court,
How various are
thy votaries,
mighty Sport!

A Libyan lion-
chase would
somewhat flutter
The country gen-
tlemen who read
the Field;

But though these days be branded "bread-and-butter,"
The sporting instinct reigns, it does not yield
To later cults of the Intense and Utter.

Shrill Anti-Vivisectionists have appealed,
S.P.C.A.'s have preached and prayed in vain,
Sport still rules strong in the stout Saxon strain.

But here the fetish of our race assumes
Its fairest and least fevered shape. This sword
Has witnessed many a fight, but fallen plumes,
Blood-stained—of knights or pigeons—have not marred
Fond memories of its verdure; love illumines,
Cool courage consecrates them, and the bard
May well be snared in sentiment's close thicket,
Who'd critic play whilst English youth plays cricket.

Oh, enviable, in the heat of June,
Free-limbed and flannel-vestured! GORDON GREGG,
Eton's proud boast, found fame at plenilune,
The hero of that mighty swipe to leg!
Who such high claim to worship dared impugn?
Premiers for such applause might vainly beg.
To rouse the ring and ravish the Pavilion
Is sweeter than the service of the Million.

Half London, in light blue, it seemed, had swarmed
To watch his swelling score. Correct and cool
He cut and drove, whilst ancient dry-bobs warmed
To yelling youth again, and all the School
With thunderous acclaim the welkin stormed,
And even the lisping fashionable fool
Forgot his affectation and his "weed."
In boyish shouts of "Played, Sir! Played indeed!"

The Ladies, like a shattered rainbow ringing
The spacious oval, half oblivious grew
Of dress-display and dainty *ceillade*-flinging;
Sir PERCY SLOPE, the adipose Old Blue,
Forgot the coming "feed," till by the upspringing
Of ball in air the breathless thousands knew
"Old GREGG's grand innings, Sir!" at last was o'er,
Adding a hundred odd to Eton's score.

Oh, then came shouts and shouldering, and then
Hundreds of hungry heroes fed like one;
And fair-faced flowers of the Upper Ten
Found chaff, champagne, and chicken such good fun,
And that huge round became a splendid pen
For Epicurus-porkers; boyhood's bun
And ginger-beer, dear to a simpler race,
To Pommery and pigeon-pie gave place.

So Britain's sons, we boast, are nurtured, so
Her battles won,—and so Society gains
A *fête* day and *à fresco* feast! The glow
In smooth round cheeks is not *all* health, youth drains
The sparkling beaker, and the boyish *beau*
Learns here how muscle lords it over brains,
And how a stripling Fashion's eyes can fix
Who, giftless else, can slog a ball for six.

Important lessons! GORDON GREGG was quick
To spy their bearings, though the youth indeed,
When not before the wicket, seemed a "stick."
Some might have said a clown, but that his breed
Forbade the imputation. Though the pick
Of Town's athletic swelldom may succeed
In winning cheers and cups as sporting Titans,
They are not *always* Admirable Crichtons.

Though GREGG "compiled" so many "centuries,"
And at the swiftest shooters would not blench,
He has not lived to witch his country's eyes,
Or to adorn its Senate, Bar, or Bench.
Not even stalwart manhood's simpler prize
Has he attained in camp, or charge, or trench.
He's no more soldier than he's senior wrangler,
But that unvirile *vaurien* a Town-dangler.

LORD'S knows him yet, a loungee flushed of face,
Valiant at luncheon-hour, and prompt to tell
His ancient scores again. To "swipe" or "place"
Is his no more, but the blue-cinctured *belle*
He bores with copious comment; she, blonde GRACE,
"Wishes the stupid game were not so swell."
Or that they'd leave her, sunshade-screened, to toy
With sugared strawberries and Lord BEAUFORT.

GREGG poses as old hero, but, alack!
The sheeny-hatted, snowy-collared toff,
With taste for toffee still, has caught the knack
Of cool irreverence, and is apt to scoff
At antique claims; so GREGG, the Cambridge crack,
The Eton Star, fails somehow to "come off"
Either with girls, whom he is apt to bore,
Or boys, against whose "cheek" he cannot "score."

GREGG, in cad seriousness, though stalwart still,
Is "tubby" now, and something of a butt
To those he plagues with memories of past skill
At forward play, at leg-hit, drive, or out.
A witless chatterer, roseate of gill,
With stiffly-waxed moustache and swelling strut,
He scarcely seems to set the final chrism
On the great gospel of Athleticism.

Contemn not muscle! In a ruling race
Strong sinew, steady nerve, and patient pluck
May not be shelved for genius, wit, and grace;
Twixt wickets, or in war, these might "get stuck,"
As GREGG would say, for want of stay or pace.
Genius is but an *Ariel*, Wit a *Puck*,
Apart from Manhood, power undefined,
But born as much of Muscle as of Mind.

Only hysteric, headlong, modish gush
All spheres invades. Not honest love or zeal
Moves the full-feeding fashionable crush.
Society's sham-enthusiasms steal
The freshness e'en from youth; a painted blush
Is scarce more false than fulsome dames who feel
Boredom's full burden 'midst the greed and noise
Which now attend the Battle of the Boys.

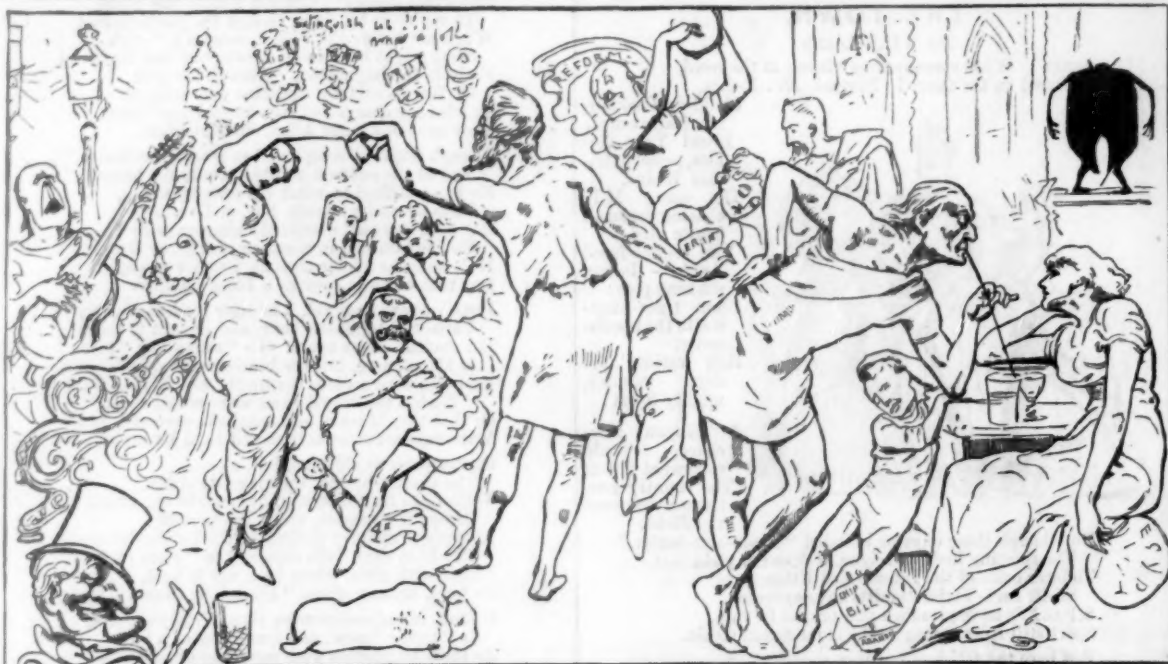
Gregarious hero-worship, blind, half-hollow,
Makes of a GREGG the fetish of his day.
Platonic *nous*, the brightness of Apollo
Would serve him less than skill to "hit" and "play,"
In winning plaudits from the crowds who follow
Fashion's forefinger; but that Goddess gay
Is fickle in her smiles, and will not warm
To MILLO's self, when old, or "out of form."

The Muscle-cultus, forced into a fever,
Or fondled into a mere social fad,
Of British Youth may prove the arch-deceiver.
Tall scoring will not save the callow lad
From feebly foolish manhood; the achiever
Of mighty swipes may prove a clown or cad.
Grim morals GORDON GREGG's career affords,
And worthy pondering, e'en at sunny LORD'S!

WE hear with pleasure that Mr. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL is all
right and about again. Everybody will be glad to hail him, Lo!
well! And long may he keep so.

A PLAYER who sprained his wrist at Lawn Tennis explained that
"he had been trying a regular *screnchaw*, and did it effectually."

WHAT is the fruit of the Irish Orange Tree? Alas! Blood Oranges.



PARLIAMENTARY YENS NO. 2: THE TERRACE. ACCORDING TO TOBY'S MIDWINTER NIGHT'S DREAM

SENSE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 14.—Royal Commission in Lords to-day. SPEAKER hurried back with glad news. Amongst Bills that have weathered the storms of the Session is the Oysters, Crabs, and Lobsters Bill. Government of London Bill baffled on Second Reading; Merchant Shipping Bill merely served as peg on which CHAMBERLAIN hung a speech, unanswered and unanswerable; Railway Bill fell stillborn; host of other measures have been throttled. But, calmly, gracefully, irresistibly, Oysters, Crabs, and Lobsters Bill has pursued its course through both Houses of Parliament, and to-day Her Gracious Majesty the Queen specially deputed authority to five Noble Lords to give it her Royal Assent.

Found CHRISTOPHER in a remote corner of Gallery pretending to be admiring his gloves. But lip trembled and eye moistened as a loud cheer broke forth at SPEAKER's announcement of passage of Bill.

"A great day this for you, CHRISTOPHER," I said, pressing his hand. "You've won where the HOME SECRETARY has been beaten; you've gained a prize in the field where CHAMBERLAIN fails. Nobody knows what the Bill's about, but everyone feels sure it is of elevating character. When you lay down to rest it will always be with the feeling that in the early morning the hitherto neglected Crab, the Lobster, and the Oyster will rise up and call you blessed."

"Thanks, TOBY," said SYKES, with a suspicious snuffling. "Dooed good to me, you know. Always were. But you've no idea the trouble this Bill's brought on me. Correspondence enormous. Shall take a few years' rest before I begin again. Bill's spoiled the whole season for me. At lunch fellows always sending round waiter with Lobster-salad, consult me on constitution of Crabs, and enter into long discussions as to why Oysters should be so dear. Worst of it is not quite sure whether they are in earnest or chaffing. In the meantime I loath Lobster-salad, hate the Oyster, and curse the Crab."

Markiss in increasing rage. WEMYSS found opportunity of making himself important. Gives notice to move Resolution to pledge Lords to pass Franchise Bill with Redistribution to follow in November. GRANVILLE instantly drops on this Motion, and frankly accepts it. The Markiss grinds his teeth at WEMYSS, whose Motion he calls "disorderly," and glares upon the gentle GRANVILLE. Certainly hard lines for him. After GLADSTONE's innocent disclosure at Foreign Office of terms proposed on eve of Division on Second Reading of Franchise Bill SALISBURY got up row in both Houses to divert attention from his concealment of the proposal from Party. Then comes along the judicious WEMYSS, who gets all the fat in the fire by affording Lords opportunity to reconsider their decision, in full know-

ledge of facts. No chance of squaring WEMYSS. First opportunity he's had since entered House. Not the man to lose it because it makes things uncomfortable for his Leader.

Business done.—Civil Service Estimates in Commons.

Tuesday.—Wouldn't, at first sight, be inclined to connect CAMPBELL BANNERMAN with the late Macbeth. Still they have one quality in common. The lamented M., when he sat down to dinner, sometimes saw one person more than met the average eye. To-night, in Committee on Navy Estimates, CAMPBELL BANNERMAN chilled the blood of PETER RYLANDS, ILLINGWORTH, and the few other Liberals present, by staring with glassy eye at empty Conservative benches, and talking about "the Right Hon. Gentleman the Member for Westminster, opposite," whereas there was not a soul on the Front Opposition Bench, or on any other on that side of the House. Yet CAMPBELL BANNERMAN went on with same glassy stare, talking about "my Right Hon. Friend opposite," and the "admirable tone in which subject has been discussed by Gentlemen opposite."

"Are you a man?" Lady THOMAS MACBETH BRASSEY said, pulling her colleague's coat-tails.

"Ay," said MACBETH CAMPBELL BANNERMAN,—

"And a bold one, that dare look on that Which might appal the devil."

Presently W. H. SMITH came in, wiping his lips with back of hand. HENRY LENNOX, who had been cruising about all the evening, crossed the Bar, and safely bore down on the Front Bench; that other great Naval Reformer, Admiral WARTON, appeared, and the terror on the Liberal Benches subsided.

The PREMIER might have followed general example, and stayed away whilst so trifling a matter as voting a few millions and discussion of Naval Administration going on. But must needs be present. Seedy on Friday with overwork, but A Day in the Country makes a man of him. Came back yesterday quite blooming. Met him in corridor walking along singing

"The Joiners will
Do all they can

For the Franchise Bill,
And the Grand Old Man."

"Know that song, TOBY?" he said. "It was the motto of the Joiners in the Great Reform Demonstration at Edinburgh on Saturday. Strikes me as being remarkable for its simplicity, its modesty, its appreciation of individual effort and its heroic resolve. Still, Joiners all very well, but my best friend at present moment is the Markiss." And he skipped off warbling:

"The Markiss will
Do all he can

For the Franchise Bill,
And the Grand Old Man."

Business done.—That which ought to have been done months ago—Navy Estimates considered.



PROMISING!

Old Gent, "NOW THAT'S CURIOUS, JOE, THOSE YOUNG DUCKS PADDLING ABOUT THAT OLD HEN! SHE AIN'T THEIR MOTHER, Y'KNOW—'CAUSE SHE MERELY HATCHED ANOTHER BIRD'S EGGS. NOW WHAT REL—"

Joe, "I SHOULD SAY THEY WERE HER SATELLITES, UNCLE——" [Escapes.]

Wednesday.—Level proceedings of Sitting this afternoon disturbed by violent and unprovoked attack upon CAVENDISH-BENTINCK. Question was as to editing of State Papers in various Capitals. CAVENDISH-BENTINCK been appointed to succeed the late RAWDON BROWNE at Venice. WALTER JAMES questions appointment.

"Not aware," he said, "that Right Hon. Gentleman lays claim to any great power of literary research."

CAVENDISH in his place at moment. Being early in the day his hair brushed, but spontaneously rose on end at this unparalleled attack. COURTNEY gallantly came to rescue, and C.-B. much surprised to hear himself described as eminent scholar and man of letters, but this could not altogether take off sting of JAMES's observation. The few Members present deeply affected. CAVENDISH, except for the phenomenon noted, a matter over which he had no control, comported himself with great dignity, remaining silent throughout discussion. Grand CROSS even mentions that he "heard a blush," but that is not authenticated.

Thursday.—Another big night in the Lords. WEMYSS has undertaken to mediate in matter of Franchise Bill, to great disgust of BRABOURNE.

"These young Peers coming in amongst us always arrogate to themselves first position," said the eminent and popular Statesman. "Why don't they leave the work to older Peers? If it was to be done, can't imagine anyone better qualified than myself for doing it. No one can accuse me of being Party man—at least not since by fetching and carrying for GLADSTONE I got my coronet. Perfectly impartial; rank as Liberal, vote and speak as Tory; enjoy the respect of everybody. Just the man to mediate."

Markiss stormed and blustered; talked about what should be done in October Session, and of the unlimited power of misrepresentation and falsehood to which Lords were subjected.

"What a nice smoking-room this will make for us!" said LADBY, with a far-away look in his eyes.

GRANVILLE quite peppery. Told SALISBURY straight didn't believe a bit in his alleged anxiety for extension of franchise. SALISBURY put on air of injured innocence, and all the Tory Peers howled and shouted "Withdraw!"

"To think," said REDESDALE, "that we, the Tory Peers, should be accused of not earnestly desiring extension of franchise! Half a century of British History looks down in indignant contradiction of the statement."

Conservative majority reduced from 59 to 50. Hardly liked to talk to Markiss after that. But he spoke to me. "Party stands firm, you see, TONY. We're not going to be ridden rough-shod over by your Radicals."

"Ever read HANS BREITMANN, my Lord Markiss? He had a Party, you know, though he called it 'barty.' There's a verse I remember; write it out for you if you like. Be useful for you to recite in drear October, when you look back on to-day's majority:—

"Where ish dat barty now?
Where ish de lofely golden cloud
Dat float on de moundain's prow?
Where ish de himmelstrahlende stern—
De ahter of de shpirit's light?
All goned afay mit de lager beer—
Afay in de ewigkeit!"

Business done.—Lords decline conciliation on Franchise Bill. Commons discuss Civil Service Estimates.

Friday.—House of Lords quiet after yesterday's storm. Little ripple of excitement when REDESDALE gave notice on Tuesday to indicate the only manner in which Franchise quarrel can be settled.

"That's quite plain now, my dear REDESDALE," said GRANVILLE, with a pleasant smile. "We must accept the Bill."

DE CLIFFORD strolled in just before House up.

"Over?" he asked.—"Over, what?"

"Why, the Franchise affair, doncha. Lords' match, eh? Wasn't there to be a big Division, or a little Multiplication or Subtraction, or something of that sort, eh? Never was much of a hand at figures, you know, but back myself—"

"Go away, young man," I said, severely. "Division was yesterday. Whilst you were pigeon-shooting, country in throes of crisis. Instead of shooting pigeons, you ought to have come down here, and had a finger in the pie. Might have altered everything. Betting 5 to 1 on your bringing down SALISBURY. Compared with yours, how noble is the life of CHRISTOPHER! Whilst you're potting pigeons, he's legislating for lobsters."

Well to be severe with these young patricians sometimes, especially now when they're going to be disestablished. Fact is, am cutting pretty close my acquaintance with the Aristocracy. Business done.—Civil Service Estimates again in Commons.

THE LOSING LEADER.

(In Continuation of Mr. Browning's "Lost Leader.")

BY A PENITENT PEER.

JUST like an arrogant hot-head he's dished us!

Just out of pride in our privileged caste,

Gained us the hate our worst enemies wished us;

Lost us the love of friends never too fast.

We who had chucked over RICHMOND to follow him,

Lived on his madly magnificent ire,

Cheered his bad language, caught up his sarcasms,

Gave him *carte blanche* to advance or—retire.

CRANBROOK was absent, and CAIRNS, too, was lukewarm,

A "bolter" was WEMYSS, in that direful debate;

He alone broke from the wise and the prudent;

He alone dragged us right on to our Fate!

We may march prospering—if we depose him;

So CHURCHILL hints, and he's certain to know.

As for the grudge that our ex-leader owes him,

Why, even RICHMOND is safe, though he's slow.

But perhaps chances of safety are gone for us!

Brummagem threats may at length turn out true.

Is this mad vote the last straw on the camel's back,

Last check to the Many imposed by the Few?

Best fight on warily. Let him depart from us!

SALISBURY's done for himself, that is plain.

Forged praise is all that we really can give to him,

Never our Leader, our Champion again!

RENAMING A STREET.

GOODGE Street, between Tottenham Court Road and Mortimer Street, to be called *Little Muck-Salad Market*. Goodge Street is an eye-sore, and ought to be goodged out.

Conservative Mercutio (in Hyde Park, after it was all over). "Oh! then, I see King Mob hath been with you."

HORTICULTURAL CUTTINGS.

(Culled and Fetched from a Considerable Distance by Dumb-Crambo Jun.)



Coaly-us.



Sinner-us.



Pet-you-near.



Ah,-but-ill-us!

OUR INSANE-ITARY GUIDE TO THE HEALTH EXHIBITION.

PART VII.—THE "CHINOISERIES."

WE are standing at the end of the Gallery at the North-East corner of the Horticultural Gardens. We look for the Colony sent over to us by the Emperor, and which are to faithfully represent the manners and customs of "The Flowery Land." We find them behind a crowd of spectators, who are gazing with open-mouthed astonishment at some fans and pottery very similar to those exhibited daily in Regent Street. The Colony (which consists of about a dozen individuals or so) is distributed amongst three or four stalls devoted to the sale of articles of commerce, which, with the exception of some pipes, are nearly as well known in London as in China. The Pekin Government, however, no doubt with an eye to the main chance, has supplemented the Colony with several energetic European Salesmen, who push the "leading articles," while the Orientals are calmly fanning themselves. The arrangement is a wise one. The purchaser of, say, three ivory billiard balls feels that he has bought a not-to-be-obtained-elsewhere memento of the home of the Son of the Sun if he has expended his money within sight of a pigtail. Should the British Government wish to return the compliment paid to them by the Chinese Commissioners by sending to them in fair exchange for the Pekin consignment to England an English Expedition to "the Flowery Land," they could easily carry out their intention by engaging, with their stocks in trade, an umbrella-maker from the Tottenham Court Road, a second-hand furniture dealer from New Oxford Street, and two or three of the smaller toy-sellers from the Lowther Arcade. The British Government might add to these a couple of assistants from a Coffee Palace, four performers from a street-perambulating German band, the chef of an East-End Restaurant, and a few extra figures from Madame Tussaud's, garbed in some of the contents of an establishment where "Ladies and Gentlemen's wardrobes" were bought.

Having satisfied the craving of curiosity in the Bazaar with its grinning effigies of Chinese dress-wearers and "branch establishment" articles of commerce, the sense of sight yields precedence to the sense of hearing. In the distance are heard screechings and howlings and drum-thumpings, and, by-and-by, the exact locality in which the "Concert" is being held is ascertained by the marked hilarity of an easily-ticked Policeman, who guards, and sternly guards, the entrance door. When accosted, the Constable suddenly assumes his gravity, and informs you that you can enjoy the melody of the Band by paying a shilling for admittance to the Tea-Room. But the music you have heard before, and so you tear yourself away from the sweet sounds, and make for the Saloon devoted to the feature of the Pekin Commission—

THE CELEBRATED CHINESE DINNER!

Having paid seven shillings and sixpence you enter a large room, decorated with artificial flowers made of tissue-paper of the brightest colours. One wall is painted with trellis-work and eccentric creepers and birds. There are tables laid out in the European fashion, save that the spoons and forks are supplemented with chopsticks. There are two or three Chinamen carrying kettles, but unmistakable Waiters (of Swiss, German, or French extraction)

seize your hat and umbrella. You are seated, and commence with

The Hors d'Œuvres.—These consist of olives from Na-Ples, and some sausage, which may have come from the well-known cities near Pekin of Stras-Bo-Urg or Bo-Log-Na; and from this point to the end of the feast you notice that all present are "making believe" that they are quite like Chinese. They even try to cut their dinner-rolls with chopsticks, and to speak to the natives in "Pigeon-English."

Soups—Birds' Nest and Fish Maw à la Tortue.—To give a thorough Chinese flavour to these liquids (which did you not know that they were Chinese you would take for rather watery consommé, and rather thick mock-turtle), the Chinamen show you that they can be consumed with the assistance of a silver punch-ladle. They (the two soups) are brought up together in saucers, which are deposited on the same plate. This arrangement has also a kind of Oriental look about it, as you can either take a spoonful of thick and thin alternately, or allow the thick to grow cold while you are eating the thin, or vice versa. By following either course you obtain something strange, and nasty, in fact just what you might expect at a Pekin dinner. Up to now all the diners feel that they are "quite the Chinese."

Fish.—Several sorts.—*Souchet de Turbot* does not look very Oriental; and although *Traite à la Ling Wang* hath a Flowery Land name, its flavour recalls the Restaurants of the Palais Royal rather than those of Hong-Kong. It is at this point you ask one of the Swiss or German Waiters whether Messrs. BERTRAM AND ROBERTS are not the contractors? "Oh, no," he returns, seemingly rather hurt—"it is the Chinese Government." He adds that he believes that it is the first time that the Pekin Ministry have "tried anything of the sort in Europe." "Well," you think to yourself, "the Pekin Ministry must be careful, if they wish to make a deep impression in the culinary line; for they have powerful rivals in SPIERS AND POND, to say nothing of the excellent three-and-sixpenny dinner at the St. James's Hall, or the Holborn Restaurant." However, "*Ling Wang*" is in the end, and you are comforted by the reflection.

Shaoching Wine.—"Come, this is thoroughly Chinese!" you murmur, on the appearance of this liquid. It is brought to you by the pigtailed Waiters in kettles, and poured out hot into small teacups. It tastes like a mixture of hock, the traditional flavour of furniture-polish, and chocolate cream. To those who like those articles of food, therefore, it seems no doubt very good indeed. This course gives general satisfaction. Really, might be in Pekin!

Entrées.—Several. Amongst them *Jambon grillé au Épinard*, and *Suprême de Volaille à la Shanghai*. These two dishes, in spite of the Chinese title of the last, are so thoroughly French that you feel forced at length to appeal to your Swiss-German Waiter to ask whether or not there isn't a Gallic Cook somewhere about the establishment? He admits with some hesitation that there is, but adds quickly "That the Chef had lived for fifteen years in Pekin." From which it is inferred that he (the Chef) had had ample time to forget all his French cookery. But no, it is too late. The impression which has been haunting you for half an hour has become a certainty. In spite of the course finishing with "Shark's Fin," which looks and tastes very much like tinned lobster curried, you cannot play at being Oriental any more. And at this point the Chinese Waiters appear once again with their hot wine, which, on inquiry, turns out to be made of rice and not of hock, chocolate-drops, and furniture-polish, as first supposed. And here you note that, after the serving of a particularly French plat, this liquid is immediately supplied,—the golden rule of the Chinese Waiters seeming to be, "When the diners are in doubt, play the Shaoching Wine."

Sweets.—*Noisettes de Lotus à la Helianthus* and *Compote de Something*. Both evidently from the hand of the distinguished Chinese culinary convert. And here we had a fair sample of the international character of the dinner. The Swiss-German Waiter brought round some shreds of preserved vegetable which turned out to be potatoes fried in the French fashion, and covered with Chinese sugar!

Bird.—*Cailles au Cresson-Salade*. This was too much! "Surely, surely!" I said to the European Waiter, "this is not a Chinese dish!" "Indeed, yes," he replied, and called an Oriental colleague to ask him for the name. The blandly-smiling attendant in blue promptly answered, "Quails." He then immediately offered to show me how to eat a lettuce-salad of the ordinary European type with a pair of chopsticks.

Dessert.—We were now served with those well-known Chinese concoctions, *Crème à la Diplomate* and *Lemon Water Ice*. The whole concluded with a feature which no doubt is as common in China as in England—a bill for extras.

To sum up. Take them all round, the "Chinoiseries" are not quite satisfactory. To really enjoy the Dinner you must be exceedingly hungry, and to rightly appreciate the Bazaar you must have lived from your earliest days in the wildest part of, say, the Highlands of Scotland, and of course never have seen Regent Street. But for all that, both deserve a visit—h'm!—one visit!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

PRIZE MEDAL WHISKY of the CORK DISTILLERIES CO., LIMITED.
SIX PRIZE MEDALS FOR IRISH WHISKY. First Prize Medal, Philadelphia, 1876; Gold Medal, Paris, 1879; First Prize Medal, Sydney, 1879; Three Prize Medals, Cork, 1884.
VERY fine, full flavor, and Good Spirit—Jury's Award, Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition, 1876.
UNQUESTIONABLY as fine a specimen as one could wish to see.—Jury's Award, Cork Exhibition, 1884.
THIS FINE OLD IRISH WHISKY may be had of the principal Wine and Spirit Dealers, and is supplied to wholesale merchants in casks and cases by **THE CORK DISTILLERIES CO., LIMITED**, Morrison's Island, Cork.

MAX GREGER'S CARLOWITZ, 1878.
 Sample Case, containing one bottle each of six different kinds, carriage paid, 13s. 6d.
SHAREHOLDERS' CARLOWITZ.
 24s. per dozen.
 Fully matured, having been bottled three years.

CARLOWITZ.
 12s., 14s., 16s., 18s., 20s. per dozen.
 For Price List, please apply for Price List.

MAX GREGER, Limited,
 WINE MERCHANTS TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
 Head Office: 10, SUMNER STREET, SOUTHWARK.
 Convenient Tasting Rooms and Order Office—4, OLD ROAD STREET, W., and 7, MINING LANE, E.C.

Sold by all respectable Wine Merchants.
 Duty considerably reduced, 8th April, 1881.

HEERING'S ONLY GENUINE COPENHAGEN CHERRY BRANDY.
 Gold Medal, Paris, 1878.
 J. F. HEERING, Importer by Appointment to the Royal Danish and Imperial Russian Courts, and H.M.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

"ABSOLUTELY PURE."—See Analysis, sent post free on application.
ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS.
 "CRYSTAL SPRINGS," Renowned for their purity for HALF-A-CENTURY. Situated on the premises, and exclusively the private property of the Firm.
 WARRANTED 1885.
 Soda, Potash, Epsom, Lemonade, Aromatic Ginger Beer. For Gout: Lithia Water, and Lithia and Potash Water.
 The brand—R. ELLIS and SON, RUTHIN. Every Label is registered, and bears their Name and Trade Mark.
 Sold EVERYWHERE and WHOLESALE by R. ELLIS and SON, Ruthin, North Wales, Manufacturers to the Royal Family.
 London Agents: W. BERT & SONS, Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square.
 CAUTION.—Beware of spurious imitations, and of not having ELLIS'S RUTHIN MINERAL WATERS.
 Sole Address: R. ELLIS and SON, RUTHIN, NORTH WALES.

THE BEST FOOD FOR INFANTS
IVORY & MOORE, London.
 and of Chemists, &c., everywhere.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST NATURAL APERIENT
Hungadi WATER
 "Gentle Painless Soft and Mild"

S. SAINSBURY'S MANUFACTORY—176 & 177, STRAND, LONDON. LAVENDER WATER.
 At the Railway Bookstalls, at Chiswick, Heston, &c.
 In Bottles, from 1s. to 6s.; in Cases, from 6s. to 12s. 6d.



THE ONLY PALATABLE NATURAL APERIENT WATER. A POSITIVE CURE FOR STOMACH, LIVER, AND KIDNEY AFFECTIONS.
 The best household remedy and specific for CONSTIPATION.
 Descriptive Pamphlets, with Testimonials, post free. Sold by Chemists, 1s. 6d. and 2s. per bottle.
ASPENWAY WATER COMPANY, Limited,
 28, Snow Hill, London, E.C.

ROSE'S LIME JUICE CORDIAL.

The favourite Summer Beverage.
 A delicious Cooling Drink in Water.
 Is prepared from the Lime Fruit.
 Is entirely Free of Alcohol.
 Effervescent in all Aerated Waters.
 An excellent Stimulant blended with Spirits.
 Is highly Medicinal.
 Cooling and Purifying the Blood.
 An excellent Stomachic, assailing indigestion.
 Is recommended by the LANCET.
 Is Sold Everywhere.
 Wholesale Stores—11, Curtain Road, London.

ROSE'S LIME JUICE CORDIAL.



THE WORST OF THE SYSTEM OF THE SCHOOL OF ARTISTIC DRESS-CUTTING, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, IS THAT IT ENCOURAGES THE SIN OF ENVY AMONGST THOSE LADIES WHO HAVE THEIR DRESSES CUT IN ANY OTHER WAY.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.
 In consequence of imitations of LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE, which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea & Perrins beg to draw attention to the fact that each bottle of the Original and Genuine WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE bears their Signature, thus—

Lea & Perrins
 Sold Wholesale by the Proprietors, Worcester; Coxes & Blackwell, London; and Export Offices generally.
 Retail by Dealers in Wine throughout the World.

GOLDEN BRONZE HAIR.
 The lovely aniline "Châtain Fonce" can be imparted to hair of any colour by using **ERINE**. Sold only by W. WINTERS, 47, Old St., London. Price 6d., 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s., 5s., 6s., 7s., 8s., 9s., 10s., 11s., 12s., 13s., 14s., 15s., 16s., 17s., 18s., 19s., 20s. For tinting grey or faded Hair **ERINE** is invaluable.

GOLD MEDAL. PARIS 1878. JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

"The" PHOTOGRAPHERS
 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000.

BROOKS' MACHINE COTTONS.

IRON FENCING.



Catalogue of all kinds of Iron and Wire Fencing, Hurdles, Gates, Tree Guards, Fencing, Lawn Tennis and Cricket Ground Fencing, Wire Netting, Stable Fencing, &c., &c., free on application.
BATLIS, JONES, & BATLIS, Wolverhampton.
 And 2, Crooked Lane, King William Street, E.C.
 Please name this Paper.

SPENCE'S 1/11 VELVETEENS.

100 COLOURS GUARANTEED FAST PILE.
 IN EVERY SHADE. 2/6, 3/6, 3/11, 4/6 PER YARD.
 PATTERNS SENT FREE.
 76 to 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London.

HONEY OBTAINED EASILY AND PLEASANTLY WITH **DAWSON'S BEE HIVES.**
 Bar-frame Hives, Sections, Comb Foundation, Smokers, &c.
 Send for Catalogue, Post Free.
A. G. DAWSON, Alma Buildings, Macclesfield.



CARRIAGES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
THREE YEARS SYSTEM OF PAYMENTS AT THE **Victoria Carriage Works,**
 24 and 25, LONG ACRE, W.C.

GOLD MEDAL FOR CHAMPAGNE AT THE CALCUTTA EXHIBITION HAS BEEN AWARDED TO **PERINET & FILS' REIMS.**

BEST HAVANA CIGARS. AT IMPORT PRICES.
 Excellent Foreign Cigars, as supplied to the Leading Clubs, Army Messes, and public. 1s., 2s., and 3s. per 100. Samples, 6 for 1s. (14 stamps).
BENSON, 61, St. Paul's Churchyard.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."
CLARKE'S WORLD-FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE.
 Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever source arising. For Scrophulous, Nervous, and all kinds of skin and blood diseases, its effects are marvellous. Thousands of Testimonials from all parts. In bottles 2s. 6d. each, and by case of 12 bottles for 25s. 6d. each, of all Chemists. Send for 25 of the stamps, by THE LANCET and MIDLAND Counties' DRUG COMPANY, LONDON.

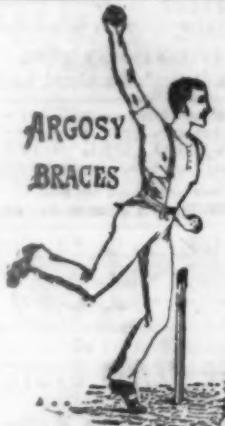
QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS
Apollinaris
 ANNUAL SALE 10,000,000.

- 1 "Double Star" Suit, for Boys of 10 to 15 years.
- 2 "Jack Tar" Suit, for Boys of 15 to 18 years.
- 3 "Star" Costume, for Girls of all ages.
- 4 "Honey" Suit, for Boys of 8 to 11 years.
- 5 "Edinburgh" Suit, for Boys of 10 to 15 years.
- 6 "Shen" Suit, for Boys of 10 to 15 years.



GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING, READY-MADE OR TO ORDER. LONDON, &c. RICHMOND, &c. BOSTON, &c. BIRMINGHAM, &c. BRISTOL, &c. CARDIFF, &c. CHELSEA, &c. CLIFTON, &c. COVENTRY, &c. DUBLIN, &c. EDINBURGH, &c. GLASGOW, &c. HULL, &c. LEEDS, &c. LIVERPOOL, &c. MANCHESTER, &c. NEWCASTLE, &c. NOTTINGHAM, &c. OXFORD, &c. PLYMOUTH, &c. READING, &c. SHEFFIELD, &c. SOUTHAMPTON, &c. ST. PAULS, &c. TOTTENHAM, &c. WARRINGTON, &c. WHARF, &c. WIMBORNE, &c. WINCHESTER, &c. WOLVERHAMPTON, &c. YORK, &c.

SAMUEL BROTHERS, 65 & 67, SYDENHAM HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.



THE PUBLIC ARE WARNED to see that they are supplied with the ARGOSY proper. As the ARGOSY is the ONLY BRACE with TWO INDEPENDENT CORP ATTACHMENTS GOING FROM BACK TO FRONT, besides having other special features not contained in the imitations which dealers, trading on the popularity and name of the ARGOSY, introduce for the sake of extra profit, insist on having the ARGOSY BRACE, and see that the name is stamped on every pair.

ON EVERY HOUSE AND OVERPRINTED TRANSPARENT THE WORD. Wholesale only, Central Depot, 4 & 7, Newgate Street, London.

Specially recommended for Rough War and general use at home and abroad—

BENSON'S "Special" Strength & 25 GOLD ENGLISH KEYLESS HALF-CHRONOMETER. Brought Spring, Jewelled, and all latest improvements. Guaranteed entirely my best English make, to keep Perfect Time, and last a lifetime. In all sizes. Sent free for £25; Silver, £45.

£25

The Hunting Editor of the Press, after a trial of one of these watches extending over four months, says:—"I have used the watch for four months, and have carried it hunting sometimes five days a week, and never less than three. I can confidently recommend Messrs. Benson's hunting watch as one that can be depended on." Finch, March 2nd, 1884.

BENSON'S LADY'S GOLD WATCH, KEYLESS ACTION. Stout, Damp and Dust-proof. 18-Carat, Hunting or Half-Hunting Case, with Monogram handsomely Engraved. Guaranteed the Perfection of Workmanship. Durability, Time-keeping, and Strength. Sent free and safe, on receipt of £10 note, by

£10

J. W. BENSON, The Queen's Watchmaker, LUDGATE HILL, E.C. and 55, OLD BOND STREET, W. Gold Chains at Wholesale Prices. Catalogue Free.

MR. EDGAR, of Butt Lighthouse. Island of Lewis, writing to Sir James Matheson, says:—"Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for the Hecolaine. It proved the most successful remedy she had ever applied. The relief experienced was almost instantaneous." HECOLINE gives instant relief in toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, gout, and all nerve and local pain. It relieves in all cases. In most cases permanently. Prepared by LEWIS & BROS., Homeopathic Chemists, 4, St. Paul's Church-yard, and 4, York St., W., London. All Chemists, Dr. and Dr. M.D.; by post, 1d. 6d. 2s.



ALLEN & GINTER
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, U.S.A.
MANUFACTURERS OF THE
RICHMOND GEM
RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT No. 1
OUR LITTLE BEAUTIES
AND OTHER WELL KNOWN BRANDS OF CIGARETTES & TOBACCOS

While the sale of the adulterated brands of many American manufacturers has been prohibited in Great Britain, our ABSOLUTELY PURE GOODS have attained the LARGEST SALE ever known in Cigarettes, and are the Most Popular in all Countries. Sold by Tobacconists throughout the World.

HENRY K. TERRY and CO., Sole Consignees, 55, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

PRICE LIST POST FREE. PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER.